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A POLYNESIAN BORGIA

(Continued from Page 6.)

Neula must have no suspicion of the failure of her arts.

III.

All went successfully till on the fifth day, as he left the cabin, he came face to face with the kahuna, who had evidently been peering through the window. She showed no fear, but looked at him with the same gaze of concentrated malice he had already seen in her eyes.

"Will you buy my calabash, kauka?" she asked slowly. "I came to ask if you still cared for it." She laughed mirthlessly. "So Liliha is well, is she? Good! For how long, hey? You do not know, but I do. Did I not say she should die before the next new moon? There are still three days; plenty of time!"

A low moan of terror warned them that Liliha had heard the sentence. The doctor descended a few steps and advanced toward the girl. She retreated before him warily.

"Would you also like to tell the marshal?" she asked tauntingly. "You had better be quick, for I shall give you but a month—no, two weeks of life. You shall see if prayers will not serve the white man's fate as well as the brown! No, no, you will not be the first of your color to fall under anana. Your power may be strong, but not stronger than mine. Yes, come and catch me—come!" She laughed, and turning her back upon him, bounded across the road and up a trail leading to the hills.

"Take your sister out," he ordered sharply, "bundle her up well, and put her in the carriage. She will be safer at my place than here."

Loki, trembling with fear and excitement, obeyed. The drive home was silent enough. Liliha sat, her head sunk upon her breast, her eyes wide with terror, looking blankly into space. The white doctor had cured her, but could he save her now?

"Only three days more! Only three days!" She said the last words aloud, just as they passed through the palm-shade gate at Waikiki.

Her protector turned on her sharply. "That's all nonsense," he said, almost angrily. "There is not the slightest danger. I am the greatest kahuna that ever kahunaed, and I am taking care of you."

She looked at him gratefully, but with some doubt. In spite of his evident knowledge, and his familiarity with native ways, he was, after all, only a white man.

He helped her down, called his servant, and assigned his guest her room, the only one above the ground floor, situated in a sort of tower rising above the veranda. She would not be easy of access there, should Neula trace her to his house.

Having disposed of all things carefully and given strict orders he called up the police station, announcing his intended visit, climbed once more behind his trotter, and drove down to lay his complaint before the marshal. The mysterious deaths of Palolo Valley had not passed unnoticed at headquarters; they already had had some inkling of the state of affairs, and it only needed his deposition to settle the matter.

Before he left the station he had the satisfaction of seeing three mounted policemen, in businesslike khaki uniforms, start eastward at a gallop. Neula would have a hard walk to town, he thought, for the patrol wagon could hardly be dragged up that rocky valley trail.

Neula, however, was not destined to fall into the snare. Her cottage was empty, and she was nowhere to be found. Nothing could be learned from the neighbors. Either she had frightened them into obedience or they really had no knowledge of her whereabouts. A strict watch was set, however, and Furtzhofer was assured that before many days the quarry would be run down.

The doctor was disgusted with the police, the natives, but mostly with himself. If he had informed on the woman sooner, before her suspicions had been aroused, there would have been no danger of her escape. He had let his personal interest blind him to his duty. For himself he did not fear; she would hardly dare to molest a baobe; but she had sworn to annihilate Liliha within a given time, and her prestige among her own people required fulfillment of the threat. Having assumed the responsibility, it was incumbent upon him to surround his patient with every precaution. Accordingly, he made his plans.

Liliha was forbidden to leave her tower room; she was to eat only what the doctor brought her, and that, he determined, should be entirely canned food, each tin to be opened by the doctor the moment before meals. The canopener was to be kept under lock and key in a bath of carbolic solution. Furthermore, he employed a night-watchman with special instructions to let no one, not even the house servants, should they be delayed outside, enter the garden after nightfall. Having thus fortified and entrenched himself, he sat down to wait for the first move of the enemy.

During the first two days of her seclusion Liliha gained strength and confidence. Nothing occurred to arouse her fears, and the doctor's constantly reiterated assurances had their effect on her impressionable nature. She was almost well.

On the morning of the third day she awoke early and looked out. During the night there had been a high wind, and the surf was roaring on the beach in tempest tones. Leaves of the hau tree over the lanai littered the beach and veranda. Some had been blown into the rooms, along with twigs from the neighboring algaroba trees. Liliha yawned, stretched herself, and got up. She took two or three steps on the rug, and stopped short with an exclamation of pain. She had stepped barefooted upon a thorn that lay tangled in the fur. Fortunately it had not penetrated far, and she pulled it out without difficulty. Fearing further injury, she made a tour of the room, picking up the other twigs, with the intention of throwing the offending branches out of harm's way.

She had nearly completed her task when her jailer, Furtzhofer, knocked at the door, bringing her breakfast—an unopened can of condensed milk, a tin of boned chicken, boiled water in a bottle, and a cup of coffee of his own making. He unlocked the door, and, bidding her good morning, set down the tray.

A quick gasp from his patient startled him. She had flung herself upon the bed, her face white with fear and pain. In an instant he was beside her. Seizing her by the shoulder, he shook her fiercely.

"What is the matter? Speak quickly!" he commanded, realizing that in a moment more she would probably lose consciousness.

"I stepped upon a thorn," she answered through her chattering teeth. "It hurts. It was a sign from Neula! It is the anana!" She fell forward, her mouth twitching, her limbs drawn up convulsively.

Instantly Furtzhofer, tearing his handkerchief, made a tourniquet above the ankle of the injured foot, with a drumstick taken from a martial trophy on the wall, he wound the bandage until circulation was stopped. With incredible rapidity he found his lancets. There was some quick cutting and a thorough cauterization.

"Only just in time," he murmured, as he finished his job, and, wiping the perspiration from his brow, looked at himself in the glass. "If I hadn't happened in when I did, she would have been done for. Where are those thorns?"

He gathered up the algaroba twigs cautiously and rang for his servant, to send for the doctor who had been present when the fish was tested. Antidotes and restoratives soon brought Liliha out of her insensibility, and though she was very ill for some hours afterwards, she was out of danger.

As soon as his patient could be left alone, Furtzhofer descended to the laboratory, where his fellow practitioner was working among the bottles and magnifying glasses.

"Well?" asked Karl, sitting down wearily in one of the big wicker chairs. "Every one of them poisoned," was the answer, as the chemist pushed his stool back from the table; "and I'll be hanged if I know what the stuff is. It analyzes triple extract of rattlesnake."

Karl settled down into the chair, and his face became dark and determined. "That woman must be found," he said slowly, "or God knows what will become of us all. Somehow she evaded the watchman, climbed up the algaroba tree, and threw poisoned thorns in at the window, practically certain that Liliha would step on some of them before she had been up long. Did you ever hear of such fiendish ingenuity?"

He called up police headquarters, gave an account of the latest developments, and asked for a guard for the house and more systematic and determined work on the part of police. The department promised to redouble its efforts, but pointed out that the kahuna had so thoroughly intimidated the natives that they dared not give any information whatever, as they valued their lives, or the lives of their families. However, they would send two policemen to watch the house, front and back, while the search would be pushed as thoroughly and secretly as possible by the specials. The poisoned thorns were bottled and sealed as "Exhibit B," and the chemist took his leave.

Karl was tired, having had no breakfast. The morning had brought a terrible strain of excitement and action. It was near one o'clock; he wondered why luncheon had not been announced. He sauntered out to the kitchen to hurry the meal along, and found the sanctuary of the pots and pans cold and empty. In surprise, he rang the bell to summon the orientals from their quarters. No answer. Angriily he strode out and down the path. The servants' lodgings were empty, and their clothing and small belongings gone. In the stable he found the native groom, who told of having seen the Japs departing, each with his bundle. He had supposed, he said, that they had been discharged.

Furtzhofer cursed the servant class in general and the Japanese in particular. Evidently they had discovered the nature of the case confined in the upper room, and had feared for their own safety. Karl was confronted with a vista of uncooked dinners, or the prospect of leaving his castle undefended if he went to his friends or the club.

Suddenly he bethought him of Loki. She would fill the gap. Turning to the native boy, he gave him careful directions, ordered him to take the runabout, and bring back Miss Lokilani Akahina, whether she would, could, understood, or no. This done, he betook himself hungrily to the house to explore the possibilities of cold provisions.

He had just opened the safe, and was extracting a box of sardines, when his name was called. Raising his head he beheld an old Portuguese woman. She wheeled a barrow bearing a huge bunch of bananas.

"Misse Santos senda," she said brokenly. "Many thank for your taka here boy. Apple-banana you lika."

More than pleased by the opportune gift, he thanked the woman, lifted the succulent fruits, and laid them on the refrigerator lid.

"Good-by," said the woman, and trudged off.

He recognized her as the half-witted protégée of Portuguese Town, a creature tolerated everywhere, free to come and go as the "God-sent guest." She was often used for short errands; but never before had he heard of her being so entrusted, or despatched on so long a journey. Being accustomed to gifts of fruit and fish, and even of calabashes, mats, and hand-quilted spreads, from his native patients, he saw nothing extraordinary in the present of sardines, bread, and bananas, and went up to Liliha's room to see that all was well. She was suffering from the pain in her foot, but her pulse was nearly normal and her skin was moist and natural.

As he went down-stairs once more, he felt strangely tired. His head was heavily beyond expression; his legs had suddenly become as lead. He dragged himself to his easy-chair, and fairly fell into it. Drowsiness crept upon him more and more. His brain became peopled with distorted visions. He tried to shake them off, but they surrounded him, pressing him close—people with brown, malignant faces—men in shark-skin armor, with spears that pricked him upon the soles of his feet and the

palms of his hands. Women in necklaces of white pointed shells and skirts of gray-brown fiber passed by him, dancing to strange chants, clapping upon one another's outstretched hands. Was he asleep or awake, he wondered? Here were girls with a bowl—a kava bowl—and naked men with tattooed bodies. Then came a picture of huge, white-frilled rollers, breaking in endless succession on a ragged reef, and another vision of strange, translucent depths of water, where weeds of red and green and brown rolled back and forth, and parrot-fish, like living gems, shot to and fro; where scarlet swimming things darted among white brain corals and monstrous shells of glimmering iridescence. But, oh, sleep—sleep! That was all he wanted.

Then there broke through his numbed consciousness a sharp, persistent sound. It was very familiar, but he could not place it. It went on and on, apparently for ages. He had an impression that it was important, and must be noticed. Again it came—clear, intrusive—a jangling, parring, ripping sound. Oh, yes, he remembered; it was a bell. He did not care to move; he was so tired, so comfortable. What made him think that somebody wanted him? Oh, yes—the telephone. Some one must be ringing him up.

Then the savage people with the blue tattoo closed about him once more, drowning with their chants and clappings the ear-piercing call of civilization. Now they sat on the sunlit beach, posturing and swaying. Now they rose and moved back and forth in unison, till they closed in a solid phalanx, closer and closer until they melted into one gigantic evil face, a face with upturned eyes of shining jet, filled with fierce, unwinking hate; black hair falling like a dark and rippling river about a brown, oval cheek. A mouth that mocked and laughed without laughter; a nose hump-bridged, thoughtful, and sensitive—the face of Neula, the witch woman!

Again the sound of bells, shrill, aggravating. This time he was roused in irritation. He would put a stop to the noise. He lifted himself with difficulty, his legs heavy with a nightmare weight, and staggered to the telephone. He hardly realized what he was doing, until he took down the receiver, and heard his own voice, dim and far away, say: "Hello!"

"What is the matter with your wire? We have been ringing for a week!" came in angry tones over the line. "Say, we have sent your men. Have they come?"

The question broke through his lethargy like a flash of lightning, illuminating the situation.

"For God's sake," he stammered, "send a doctor! Tell him coffee, coffee, and keep me going, or I—"

"What the—" came over the wire; but Furtzhofer had dropped the tube and was staggering and swaying. He tried to reach the table or the arm-chair for support, but a huge warrior in woven armor, and shark-skin belt pushed by him, causing him to lose his balance and fall. A wild crowd of scowling faces closed above him. He threw up his hands to push them off—and knew no more.

Furtzhofer awoke with a strange buzzing in his ears, with a sense of weariness past all endurance. He became conscious that his legs were working, sorely against his will. He was leaning against something or somebody, who was making him walk. He tried to free himself and sit down, but he received a resounding cuff and an order to "Keep on!" Some one shook him savagely. He protested, though the effort cost him untold tortures.

"He's coming to, did you hear that?" he heard a voice, close to his ear, say to another voice on the other side, which answered in the affirmative.

"Here, take this," said some one else, forcing a burning liquid between his teeth.

Again he objected, but no one heeded his wishes. The fiery substance was literally forced down his throat, and the walking began once more. Gradually his limbs became accustomed to the motion. He did not resist now; he became vaguely conscious of objects about him. His attention fixed itself first on a lamp-shade, and from that drifted to the open lid of the plan. Then he saw a face close to his own; he recognized his friend the chemist, and on the other side a doctor. He nodded affably and called them by name; whereat he was set upon, beaten, and forced to further walking.

Slowly the mist cleared; he began to think. Surely he had been poisoned. He shook himself and set his mind to work in a concentrated effort to throw off the last effects of the drug. Then came more coffee, and he was able to talk coherently. Still the vigorous exercise continued, till at last his tormentors pronounced him safe, and sat down to their much-needed rest.

"How did you find me?" asked Karl, from the place on the sofa where his friends had deposited him.

"On the floor beside the telephone, and almost dead," replied the chemist. "Better thank your stars, old man," the doctor added, as he wiped his streaming forehead. "You've had a jolly close call, with your bunch of innoculated bananas!"

"Thought as much," observed the victim. "When did you get here?" "Police station telephoned. I was at home, fortunately for you. I took my bike and got here in two minutes—and not one too soon, either. Then Bellow came in and helped, and a fat Kanaka lady. She said you were her only child, and took on like mad when she saw how you were, until we ran her into the kitchen to make coffee, where she developed a speed and endurance to be wondered at and envied."

"Poor old Loki!" murmured Karl with a grin.

"Yes," said the chemist. "And you had another visitor—say, Phillips, had we better tell him?"

"Guess so," said the doctor slowly. "Anyway, he will know for certain he need have no further fear. Your kahuna has gone to face her victims this time—and high time, too, I say."

Karl sat up in spite of his weakness. "What? How? When? Neula—has she been here?"

through the study, to judge from the direction she took. The police caught her just as she was going to polish off your patient. We happened in, and found you. She heard the noise and started—all of us in a bunch, you see—when she thought the place would be empty for another solid hour."

"Well?" demanded Furtzhofer.

"The doctor interrupted."

"They closed in on her; and when she found she was trapped, what do you suppose she did? Defied them all, dared them to come near her, and threatened blood and thunder. She had a pointed stick in her hand, and she promised death with shark-tooth frills to the first man that came near her. Then Johnny Dorey—you know Johnny, the big Irish patrolman—pulled out a revolver, and got the drop on her. She looked at him, at your sick lady's door, and at the staircase window; but she evidently thought it was no use, for she stuck herself with her primitive bodkin, and departed this life after about ten minutes of very nasty convulsions. We were busy with you, and couldn't stop to give her any of our attention, so at least she escaped the hangman. It seems she was a Line Islander, or her people were, for in her last agonies she tore off most of her hokoku, and—well, she has all the hallmarks in blue tattoo."

The Record contains all of the official court, corporation, foreclosure, and partnership notices published in all of the English newspapers published in the Territory.

COURT NOTICES

PECK ESTATE.

IN THE CIRCUIT COURT OF THE FIRST CIRCUIT, TERRITORY OF HAWAII—AT CHAMBERS—IN PROBATE.

In the Matter of the Estate of Ely Peck, Deceased—Order for Notice of Hearing Petition for Probate of Will.

A document purporting to be the Last Will and Testament of Ely Peck, deceased, having on the 27th day of June, A. D. 1933, been presented to said Probate Court, and a Petition for the Probate thereof, and for the Issuance of Letters Testamentary to Philip Peck and Solomon Peck having been filed by said Philip Peck and said Solomon Peck;

It is hereby ordered, that Monday, 10 o'clock a. m., of said day, at the Court Room of said Court, at Honolulu, Territory of Hawaii, be and the same hereby is appointed the time and place for proving said Will and hearing said application.

It is further ordered, that notice thereof be given, by publication, once a week for three successive weeks, in The Pacific Commercial Advertiser, a newspaper published in Honolulu, the last publication to be not less than ten days previous to the time therein appointed for hearing.

Dated at Honolulu, Territory of Hawaii, June 27, 1933.

J. T. DE BOLT,
First Judge, Circuit Court, First Circuit.
Smith & Lewis, attorneys for the Estate.
6518—June 29, July 6, 13, 20.

MALANI ESTATE.

IN THE CIRCUIT COURT OF THE THIRD CIRCUIT, TERRITORY OF HAWAII—AT CHAMBERS—IN PROBATE.

In the Matter of the Estate of Ekekele Malani, Deceased—Order of Notice of Hearing Petition for Administration.

On reading and filing the Petition of Malani, of Keauhou, N. Kona, Hawaii, alleging that Ekekele Malani, of Keauhou, N. Kona, Hawaii, died intestate on Keauhou, on the 8th day of March, A. D. 1932, leaving property in the Hawaiian Islands necessary to be administered upon, and praying that Letters of Administration issue to Malani.

It is ordered that Saturday, the 8th day of August, A. D. 1933, at 10 o'clock a. m., be and hereby is appointed for hearing said Petition in the Court room of this Court at Kailua, at which time and place all persons concerned may appear and show cause, if any they have, why said Petition should not be granted, and that notice of this order be published in the English language for three successive weeks in the Daily Commercial Advertiser, newspaper in Honolulu.

Dated at Kailua, Hawaii, June 22, 1933.

W. S. EDINGS,
Judge of the Circuit Court of the Third Circuit.

Attest:
J. P. CURTIS,
Clerk of the Circuit Court of the Third Circuit.
6517—June 27, July 4, 11, 18.

NOTICE.

First class passengers for Ventura, July 21, will please secure tickets on Monday, July 20, at the office of the undersigned.

WM. G. IRWIN & CO., LTD.
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NOTICE.

This is to notify the public that Mr. J. Nevin is no longer in my employ and has no further authority to collect debts in my name.

H. A. JAEGER,
By his Attorney-in-Fact, Theo. Bauman.
Honolulu, July 20th, 1933. 6536

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The Cantor Aloha Millinery Parlors have moved to the premises formerly occupied by Lyon's book store on Fort Street, opposite Thum's book store. As this is the off season for hats we will sell our stock of ready-made hats at great sacrifice.

NOTICE.

CHANGE OF TELEPHONE NUMBER.
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